A poore unminded Outlaw ſneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the *Duke* of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his liberty and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and terms of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pity mov'd;
Swore his aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the *Realme*
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in *Boroughs*, *Cities*, *Villages*,
Attend him on Bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heires, as pages followed him,
Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes:
He preſently, as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Upon the naked ſhore at *Ravenſpurgh*,
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lay too heavy on the common-Wealth,
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Over his Countries wrongs, and by this face
This ſeeming brow of Juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the *Iriſh* warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the poynt.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriv'd him his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole State:
To make that worſe, ſuffered his kinſman March,
Who is, if every owner were plac'd,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 THE BODLEIAN